

ivy leaves 1996-97 anderson college art and literary magazine

Firelight

Not far from the river
we drove stakes and poles
deep, the earth soft
from early rain. Bags
spread, tents raised,
we kindled a low fire.
The cookware: forks,
pots, spoons, a jackknife,
all baptized in the coldness
of the river.

Later, the smoke rose higher
as the wet logs began to dry.
The yellow flames threw
heat on our faces and bit
back at the chilly air.
Voices rose in laughter
and faces, chapped and
ruddy, brightened near the
crackling flames. The firelight
danced in strange shadows across
the trees and limbs
stretched wide, opening to the
parade of stars above.

Men camped here often.
The river, the fire had seen
them before. Our stories became
their stories. Our lives, their
lives. And we all grew silent
in the seriousness of the night.

—Daryl McCard

Monkey's Wedding Day

A Maddening Confusion reigns
here drizzling in the sun.
It's falling like a sharpened blade
and cutting everyone.

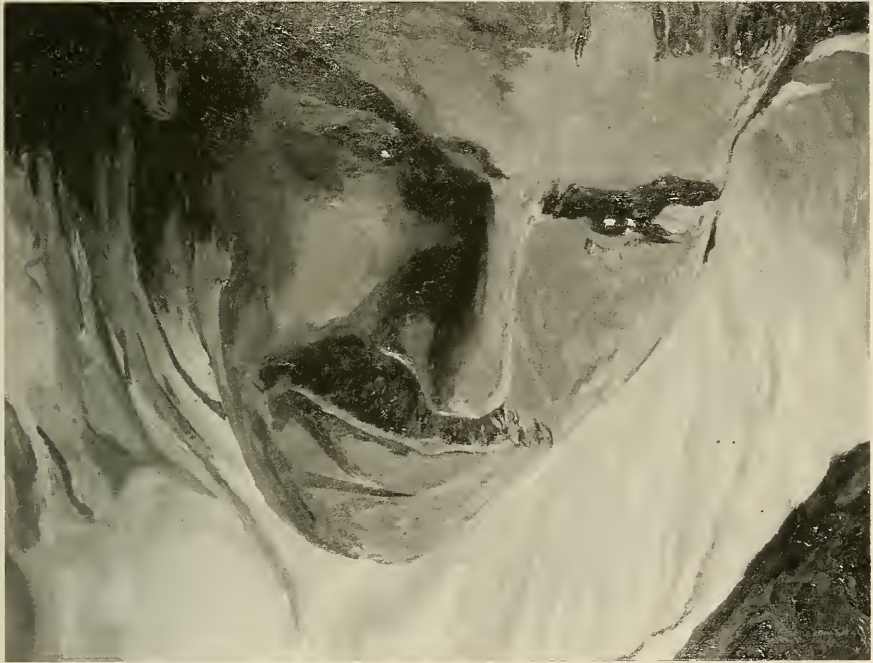
She shuts her eyes and joins her hands;
she knows she cannot pray.
And while he beat her to the ground,
God's savior looked away.

Delirious thoughts swirling round,
he tires of games he's played.
As daggers swing like pendulums
He lives the choice he made.

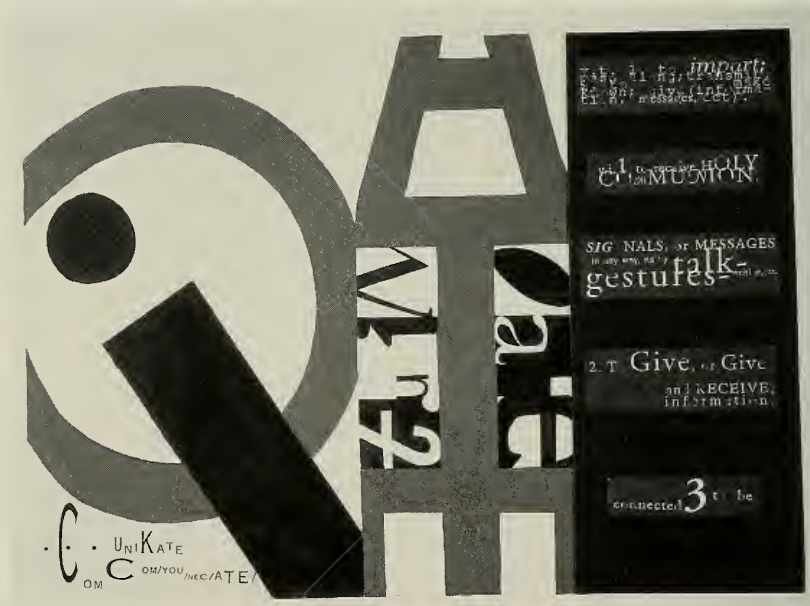
She fights him off with all her might.
She screams a song of pain.
Some witches burning in the lake
Cry out bitter refrains.

Do these punishments ever cease?
Will tortures not rescind?
Lucifer's joy is in his grief.
His pain is in its end.

—Shane Bruce



Painting



Graphic Design

Recipe for a Male Vacation

Take a trip
Know a shortcut
Add the fact you forgot the map
Veer to the right, because the sun sets in the east
Turn your car 180° because you recognize a building you
thought you almost saw
Add a sense of desperation but
Do not admit you're lost
Because this is a better way, you'll see
Bring your temper to a boil and tell your wife you should have
Stayed at home because there's so much work to be done
Tell your kids that if they don't shut up you're gonna take this
car, turn right around and go straight home
Do not admit that you already have turned around
But couldn't find home if it were part of your anatomy
Do not admit you're lost
because all roads lead to Rome
After all, Rome, Georgia is as nice a place to vacation as
Disney World, besides, we kill mice where I come from and Rome has
a Hooters and a Putt-Putt
Turn to the left,
Get lucky as a bus marked "Orlando" passes you.
Serve with self-satisfaction because
You know a shortcut.

—John Woodson

Kiss on the Glass

Every shot poured in your glass
Pierces my heart like a bullet.
Why must you always come here,
And why can I never leave you?

You've promised me so many times
And still you will not change.
I overflow with these emotions
That you can't even see—
The bottles block your view.

Our love is my addiction, while yours stirs
inside these bottles and slowly pulls
you away from me.
I kiss you but my tears make you taste bittersweet.
You're losing everything to swim inside those bottles.

And while your lips should be pressed to mine,
You can only leave
Your kiss here on the glass.

—Shane Bruce

The Ballad of Lonewolf

He's a dude that's on the prowl
A man the chicks all dig,
He drives a black and brown Omni,
A polyester pig.

He calls himself "El Lonewolf"—
It's written on his car.
His hair's slicked back with Vaseline
And dyed as black as tar.

Undone, the buttons on his shirt
Reveal his hairy chest,
Covered in gold and cheap cologne,
He looks his Don Juan best.

He loves Mary, Sue and Jill,
Betty, Pam and Dee.
He even loves his wife and kids;
He's into bigamy.

But just the other night I heard
His wife had found him out.
She burned his car and nudie books
And socked him in the snout.

Now Lonewolf has no place to go
And nothing left to read.
A sad, unkempt and lonely man
Without a friend indeed.

Lonewolf wanders aimlessly,
Polyester all in shreds.
But there is hope for ol' Lonewolf:
He still has his moped.

—John Woodson

I Think of Lot's Wife

I think of Lot's wife
While I stand over the stove
Making Cornflake Chicken
She cooked for someone
Much the way I do for you
Without jealousy
I think of her more
As I put our son to bed
Tucking in his cover
As he kicks it off
Before I can extinguish
The Winnie-the-Pooh Lamp
And close the door behind me
I wonder if she,
Like me, looked at her husband
With as much love as me
I watch you sitting
In your work pants, dirty gray
You, dusty beautiful
With your hat backwards
Glasses balanced on your nose
Staring, not at me there
But at your TV
I think of Lot's wife
The friends she made around her
With secrets sworn to keep
I think of Lot's wife
And I could not promise
Not to look back

—Teri Smith



Jill Roberts

Photo Montage



Melissa Lewis

Figure Drawing

How to End a Relationship

By sunlight,
in the tender grass of
a farmer's field, shower
her with the gift of
karyoke. By moonlight,
when the clouds rest in
the heavens, challenge
her to a romantic game of
thumb wrestling. By candlelight,
tilt your champagne glass
toward the stars, and
embrace her ever so gently in the
full nelson. By nightlight,
as she moves her body
next to you, very softly play an
excerpt from Swan Lake, using your
armpit. By sunlight,
she will be gone.

—Jeremy Shirley

Wild Wisdom Dancing

As we arrived, the sun was already low in the sky, painting the floor a rich red that stretched and hung from the corners of the grand piano. The Lake Hotel in Yellowstone National park has stood for over a hundred years. It is a huge, yellow building that sits near the shores of the Yellowstone Lake. The lobby, lined with a wide, open expanse of windows, gives all attention to the sunlit water that shimmers and reflects off its polished wood floor. The soft pastel colors of the furniture create an atmosphere of warmth and cheer.

My friend Heather and I would often drive the 25 minutes down from Canyon. We worked there as wranglers, guiding horseback rides around the rim of Cascade Canyon. The atmosphere at Lake Hotel was soothing—a different world from the dusty labor back at the Corral. We would share an appetizer in the elegant dining room that also overlooked the lake. Goat cheese pizza laden with spinach, feta cheese and artichoke was the popular meal. Yet it was the grand piano in the spacious lobby that always drew me. The delightful notes floated through the hotel like a warm, soft breeze.

On this particular evening, I sat in a chair near the piano. I noticed an elderly woman sitting near me. She wasn't old though. Through the age spots and the wrinkles in her face shone a genuine brightness that came from deep within. Her husband appeared and presented her with a glass of wine. The image that came to mind was that of making a wedding toast. A toast that many have made with whole-hearted devotion and blossoming love only to find it whither and the glass of wine turned to vinegar.

This couple had retained the blossom and handsomely aged the wine. It had become priceless. They were celebrating their forty-second wedding anniversary. From the look on their faces, it could have been their honeymoon. As I sat there quietly enjoying this realization, I looked over to my right and noticed a small child, clad in a red velvet dress. She danced in little circles, per-

fectly unaware of her surroundings. It was one of those magical moments that comes to you as if all the layers of reality were peeled back to reveal something precious and very necessary. We sat there and drank in those moments while the lobby vibrated with guests rushing here and there, anxious to begin their escape from the real world.

As the orange curtain of the sun began to slide beneath the lake outside, Heather and I started our drive back to Canyon Corral. The drive from Lake to Canyon is beautiful. The road curves around along the Yellowstone River through Hayden Valley. The land is vast and green. In the midst of the sleepy, red sun we could see sulfur steam rising from hot pools in the distance. These secret cracks and vents are one of the many wonders that add to Yellowstone's mystical quality.

Another impressive thing about this drive is the large herds of Bison that live in Hayden Valley. It is hard to believe that herds of 50,000 or more once roamed the land. There were less than 30 bison left in the Northwest at the turn of the century, and it seemed as if they would never have much chance to survive. At that time, the new Transcontinental Railroad Company feared derailment of their trains by this massive animal. Men were hired to ride these trains, shotguns in hand, slaughtering thousands of bison. There was an added benefit in killing off the "savage" Indian's main source of survival. The decimation of bison became necessary for progress and change.

Late in the summer we wranglers rode up into another area of the valley and relived history. The grasslands were excessively green because of the long summer rains. This richness made the herd of bison in the distance stand out. Their dark bodies were animated. The females were nursing the little calves—some newly born. These young calves were clumsy and weak, as most babies are. They rose and fell on uneven legs. We watched the large males challenge each other. Their heads hung low and shook rhythmically, heavily, as their hooves churned up the dusty ground.

As I sat there I realized the loyalty they must have to each other. I thought about the pictures I had seen of the winters here. One was of a snow-covered bison plowing patiently through three- and four-foot drifts. There must be an incredible drive to keep going, to survive—a powerful instinct. It made me wonder about mankind.

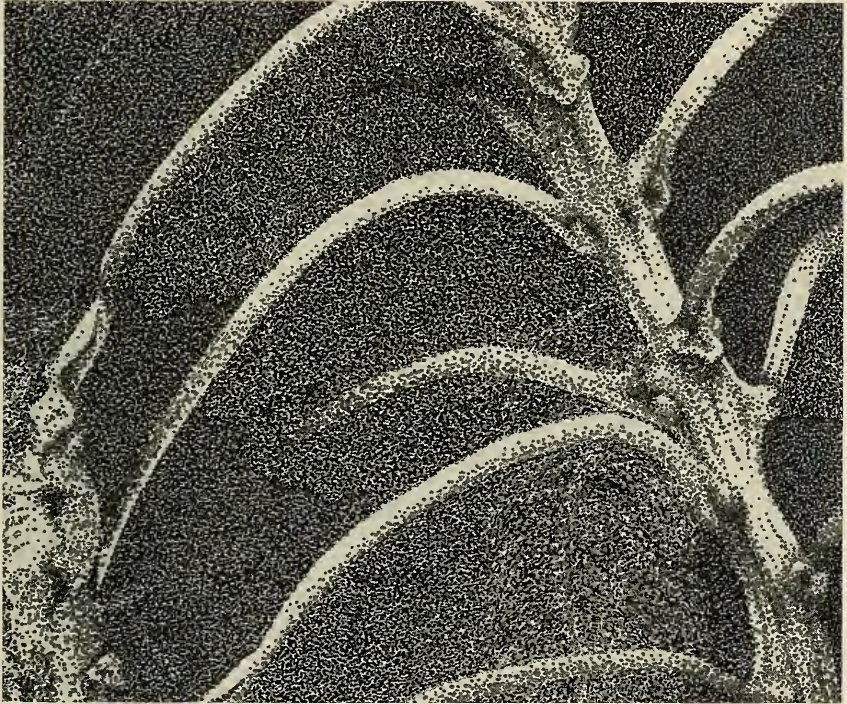
The elderly couple at the hotel came to mind. We all start out with good intentions. We cultivate the wine in our lives and hope it won't turn to vinegar. In the name of progress we forge forward.

In memory, I saw the innocent little girl, dancing her dance, oblivious to what was around her. There is necessity in letting life's simple beauty carry us. There is a stirring in the soul to forge life's dreams.

In this forging comes the strength to weather the cold, dark winters. The bison in Yellowstone overcome incredible odds to survive. For them there is a season of hardship every winter. Like the bison, we have to fight and be strong to survive, even if the odds seem to be against us.

From these events I see life in wild wisdom dancing. The wild virility to forge through life's winterous snow drifts; the wisdom to retain and correctly age the wine of life, and the dancing of the child in us to make dreams become reality.

—Sharon Felder



Color Theory



Painting

Allison Lane

Sonnet for a Late Paper

(with apologies to Elizabeth Barrett Browning)

When shall I start thee? This I must decide.
I'll start when the words come to my head,
But my pencil won't work, for it's run out of lead.
So it's with a computer I must write.
I'll start thee before my hair turns white,
Most dreaded thing, this paper I'll compose.
I'll start thee freely, as the wind that blows.
I'll start thee quickly, before Cox starts to fuss.
I'll start thee, frankly, to avoid the rush
Of exams and such, as scheduled on the syllabus.
I'll start thee with an energetic push
To make it through—I'll start thee despite the mess,
Games, tears of all my life—and, if I choose,
I shall but love thee better when finished.

—Katherine Ross

Las Vegas

I sat on the tiled edge of the hotel fountain,
Where window light lined pale murals
Along the black asphalt of the parking lot.
Several men passed by and disappeared into a nearby diner.
Their cigarette smoke danced in strange patterns
Before settling into the dark Nevada sky.
A woman holding a basin stood behind me;
Water ran down her naked arms and legs to form a pool there.
Eyeless, she peered into the distance, and I turned
To see an ambulance speed past us both—
The red of its lights faded into the neon of the Las Vegas strip.
I raised a hand to my own face and felt its features.
My eyes had sunken like those of the statue,
And my skin, sallow, hung loose from my bones.
The night wore on as I broke the surface of the water,
And the golden fish rose silently,
Prisoners beneath the liquid glass.

—Daryl McCard

Fantasy Land

Lights engulf the desert valley
Wrapping around the glamorous hotels
Stacked along the strip
Where neon hums and pulsates.

Images of a fantasy land
The city marked
With risk takers
Filled with optimism and euphoria.

A cowboy
Atop a legendary den
Of inequity
Greeting curious eyes.

A one-factory town
Where dice click
And coins sing harmony
With metal trays.

People bearing their savings
Like religious offerings
To the great goddess
Of chance.

There will be winners
And even more losers
In the glittering
Enchantress land.

Fortune seekers
Will chance time and time again
Until the dawn melts the night
From the strip.

—Leslie Randall

Portrait of Feelings

Is this what is left?
Nothing taken too far;
The night seems so endless.
We wish to live without
Pain or pity.

I come to visit the future.
Soon it will be the past.
Nothing's the same as my dreams,
A rose I remember to be so sweet,
Now bitter with sleepless nights.

The pain keeps growing,
The tears keep falling.
Deeper and deeper we sink,
Fighting to gain control
Over all that we love.

Looking back there can be no real truth.
The only truth is
What we think, what we want, and what we feel.

—Jason Manuel



Graphic Design Poster

Darren Rambo



Kelli Holzer

Photography

Dust

Quietly sweeping.
Dust from the broom is
taken back from where it came.

Silently weeping.
Her eyes hollow,
pondering thoughts of mortality.

23

Slowly creeping.
Time is no friend.
It robs and abuses.

Gently reaping.
Dust from the earth
Takes her back from which she came.

Forever sleeping.

—Jeremy Shirley

Roses in the Sun

The roses fade in the morning light
as our love from within our hearts.
Red drains from the petals,
while the smell of sweetness lingers as
the caress of your touch on my face.

I look at the lost beauty of the roses
and wonder why everything beautiful
never lasts. The answer never comes to mind.
Only the fading roses die and our love lost,
the past is left behind.

—Bryan Cox

A Moon for All Seasons

Spring Moon's alchemy
Turns hills and streams to silver
Shining through the dark.

Pale moon in pale sky,
Shadowy ghost in white sheets
Of thin summer clouds.

Great pumpkin moon glows
And glides over Pumpkintown
Wearing Halloween.

Old Man Winter Moon
Sleeps on feather beds of clouds
Through the frosty night.

—Jean Brabham McKinney

Design Staff

Shawn Elliott

Misti Fuller

Kelli Holzer

Stephanie Nichols

April Price

Darren Rambo

Editorial Staff

Sherrell Crawford

Sharon Felder

Jason Manuel

Daryl McCard

John Woodson

Faculty Advisors

Wayne Cox

Susan Wooten